

# BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Couragio*.

<sup>1.</sup>  
**C**ome, come, great *Orange*, come away  
On thy *August* Voyagio:  
The Church and State admit no stay,  
and Protestants wou'd once more say  
*Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.*

<sup>2.</sup>  
Stand East, dear Wind, till they arrive  
On their design'd Voyagio,  
And let each Noble Soul alive  
Cry loud, Qu'il Prince d' *Aurange* vive!  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>3.</sup>  
Look sharp, and see the Glorious Fleet  
Appear in their Voyagio!  
With loud Huzzas we will them greet,  
And with both Arms and Armies meet;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>4.</sup>  
Then, welcom to our English shore:  
And now I will engage---o,  
We'l thump the Babylonish Whore,  
And kick her Trump'ries out of Door;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>5.</sup>  
Poor *Berwick*! how will thy *Dear-Joy*  
Oppose this brave Voyagio?  
Thy tallest Sparks will be mere Toys  
To *Brandenburgh* and *Swedish* Boys;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>6.</sup>  
*Dunbarton* sputters now, like mad,  
Against this great Voyagio;  
Old *Craven* too in *Sable's* clad;  
And *Feversham* looks monstrous sad:  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>7.</sup>  
But *Solmes* has took a Glorious Cause  
In this warlike Voyagio,  
To guard us from their ravening Pawes;  
And to protect our Lives and Laws;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>8.</sup>  
*Nassau* will ridicule the Fop  
By this *Belgic* Voyagio,  
And make their gawdy Feathers drop;  
Their Slaughter's but a Harvest-Crop:  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>9.</sup>  
*Stirum*, advance the *Buda* Blades  
Thou'st brought in this Voyagio:  
And, since thy *Lawrel* never fades,  
Send our Foes to the *Syrian* Shades;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>10.</sup>  
*Schoenberg* thunders Heroe-like  
In this Stormy Voyagio;  
His very Name dos Horror strike,  
And will slay more than Gun or Pike;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>11.</sup>  
Thus they the Victory will gain,  
After their brave Voyagio;  
And all our Liberties maintain,  
And settle Church and State again:  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>12.</sup>  
Then't will be Just, and no Extream,  
To see by this Voyagio,  
That *Wem* shou'd have th' Effect of's Dream  
For Driving headlong with the Stream;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>13.</sup>  
The Judges too, that Traitors be,  
Must trufs by this Voyagio;  
'Twill be a Noble Sight, to see  
Dispensing Scarlet on a Tree!  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>14.</sup>  
The Monks away full swift will hie  
On their dismal Voyagio:  
Ten Pounds a Post-Horse then they cry,  
And all away to *Calis* fly;  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>15.</sup>  
*Sunderland* has Shot the Pit,  
And is on his Voyagio;  
*D'ada* must no more hatching sit;  
And *Petre* too the Board must quit:  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>16.</sup>  
Old *Arundel* does hang his Ears  
Because of this Voyagio;  
And Miser *Pomys* stews in Tears;  
*Bellasis* roars, and damns, and swears:  
*Couragio, &c.*

<sup>17.</sup>  
When all is done, we then shall hope  
To see, by this Voyagio,  
No more Nuncio, no more Pope;  
Except it be to have a Rope:  
*Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.*

FINIS.